A World Away

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by trashbambi

Summary

A deep sense of foreboding welled in the pit of Will's stomach as he stood on the beach and looked out to sea. The sun beat down on his tanned skin and he shaded his eyes with one hand, the other keeping hold of a large bucket containing dinner. He hoped the black speck on the horizon wouldn't come any closer.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

A deep sense of foreboding welled in the pit of Will's stomach as he stood on the beach and looked out to sea. The sun beat down on his tanned skin and he shaded his eyes with one hand, the other keeping hold of a large bucket containing dinner. He hoped the black speck on the horizon wouldn't come any closer.

He abruptly turned his back on the sparkling waves, padding up the beach and into the stone building at its edge. A home resurrected from the shell of an old colonial outpost, cobbled back together with parts of others that stood around it, and a palm frond roof that would need patching soon.

It was a structure he shared with only other human inhabiting the island: Hannibal Lecter. Famed cannibal serial killer and the long standing object of Will's hard-won affection.

As Will entered the building, wiping sweat from his brow, he saw Hannibal sitting at the table they'd long ago liberated from their wrecked yacht. They'd been lucky that most of the interior of the ship had survived and they'd been able to salvage some blessedly useful items.

Sunlight filtered through the open shutters of the window behind Hannibal, ringing him with a golden halo. He watched as Hannibal prepared some of the edible plants they'd found on the island. He'd insisted on as balanced a diet as they could manage, though there were some days—weeks even—where food had been hard to come by.

Will moved further in and placed the bucket on the floor at Hannibal's feet, chest almost puffed up in pride.

"I caught something special." Will said, tapping the side of the bucket with his foot. Hannibal looked up at him briefly, a smile tugging at his lips at Will's childlike exuberance. Peering into the bucket at the large lobster, a decently sized fish they knew to be edible and an assortment of crabs and shellfish in the water.

"Ah, wonderful. I knew there would be some scuttling around in that reef."

"It's been a while since you've had lobster, hasn't it?"

"Five years or so. I certainly didn't have any while under Alana's tender care."

"Well, I'll let you have the lion's share of it, then. If I can have more of the fish." Will said, taking a seat on the wooden bench he'd finished crafting just last week.

He hauled the bucket onto the table and to the side with his good arm. The shoulder that had been stabbed during the fight with the Dragon had never really healed properly without proper medical attention, after enduring repeated abuse. The stabbing as a cop, being shot by Jack, being shot by Chiyoh, and that final stab. It had left it stiff and weak when lifting.

"Pass a knife," he said, looking up as Hannibal slide a blade across the table. He rolled his eyes as he took in the shape. It was the same knife he'd used in the fight with the dragon. He still didn't know how Hannibal had kept hold of it after their tumble off the cliff.

Will pulled out the fish, quickly killing it and beginning the task of removing the scales and gutting it. As he did, Hannibal stood, retrieving a cup of fresh water and placing it by Will.

“Drink. I’ll start the fire,” he said, and rested a hand on Will’s shoulder, giving it a fond squeeze. It startled Will, unused to physical contact when they’d spent so long recovering and in too much pain to even think of touching each other in any way that wasn’t designed to tend wounds. Then they’d been too busy and exhausted to do more than collapse onto their makeshift bed, any touching accidental as they quickly succumbed to slumber.

As Hannibal turned to make his way toward the door, Will lurched out of his seat and grabbed his arm, holding him back. It was as if that one touch to his shoulder had broken the dam, punched through his subconscious hesitancy toward touching Hannibal. He realised he’d been unsure if touch would be welcome after his last embrace had plunged them into the piercing cold of the
Atlantic.

“Wait!” Will looked at Hannibal wide-eyed, remembering the ship he’d seen in the distance. His heart began pounding in his chest and he mentally kicked himself. “Why don’t we, uh… use the electric cooker today? You could make a nice seafood stir fry. The solar battery should be charged by now.”

Hannibal looked down at him, brows raised in surprise at being held back unexpectedly. His eyes searched Will’s face, and Will knew he was in trouble. They were never in enough of a hurry to hold the other back physically, and that was suspicious enough to Hannibal. It had been a long time since they’d needed to hide much from each other; Hannibal knew him too well to miss his sloppy attempt at misdirection now.

“What don’t you want me to see out there, Will.” Hannibal asked flatly, pulling Will upright and backing him against the table. Will supposed that if Hannibal was as filled out as he used to be, it would be more intimidating. As it was, Will knew he could handle Hannibal in a fight. The gunshot wound to his stomach had healed poorly for the same reason as Will’s shoulder. They’d spent weeks with a fever and infections in in their wounds.

When they’d been wrecked, Will had nursed Hannibal back to health as best he could in his own nearly delirious state. The prolonged illness had left Hannibal fatigued most of the time, and his core muscles weak; he’d lost a lot of weight and muscle mass and still struggled to gain it back. Despite their states, the closeness unbalanced and distracted Will enough that it took him a long moment before he could reply.

“Nothing. I just figured it’d be easier for you. You look tired today.” Will finally bit out and placed his hands on Hannibal’s shoulders pushing him back gently. It was disconcerting how easy it was for Will to physically manoeuvre Hannibal now.

“I look tired every day, Will. Do not lie to me. If you won’t tell me what it is you don’t wish me to see, then I shall just have to go and check for myself.” Hannibal pulled himself from Will’s grip and leaving faster than Will could regain his composure and protest.

Will rubbed his hands over his face with a resigned sigh. As difficult as living here was… it was relatively safe for them. Here it was just the two of them. No one knew they were here,

no one was hunting them. Their only enemy was nature itself, and that suited Will just fine.

He grit his teeth and followed Hannibal outside, almost walking straight into him. Hannibal turned to him, his face lit up in an unusually bright smile.

“Will, it’s a *ship*. From what I can see it may be a cargo vessel. Quickly, we have to light a fire and build it up. Get as many fresh leaves as you can for smoke,” Hannibal ordered, excitement and fervent hope in his voice as he started off down the beach to build the base of a signal fire.

Will stayed rooted in place, stomach twisting in knots as he watched. Hannibal’s tangible excitement warmed Will’s heart, but at the same time guilt clawed at his guts at his own want to stay.

Clearly he hesitated long enough that Hannibal noticed, turning back toward him. Will watched as the corners of Hannibal’s lips twitched in a frown.

“What’s wrong?” Hannibal called back up the beach, starting back toward him. Will shook his head, stepping onto the sand and sluggishly making his way to do as Hannibal had asked.

He couldn’t make them stay on this island. If they were rescued, Hannibal would get real medical help. Part of him wanted Hannibal to be well, far more than he needed them to stay together.

He knew as soon as they hit the mainland, they’d be picked up and thrown into cells at the opposite ends of the earth. He could just see the headlines now: *‘Murder Husbands Alive and Captured: a Tropical Honeymoon Gone Wrong’*. If somehow they weren’t captured, Hannibal could return to what Will knew he missed greatly—hunting more challenging quarry than island chickens and pigs, eating well and living in luxury.

Hannibal reached him before Will made it to the treeline behind the house.

“Will? Talk to me. What’s going through that clever head of yours?” Hannibal asked, pressing a hand to Will’s scarred cheek as he had so many times before the island. Once more Will flinched at the touch, as though every micron of skin where they touched was electrified. Will’s jaw clenched around the words he struggled to speak. His traitorous body revelled in the touch, so rare now, despite his want to pull away and avoid the current issue.

He’d missed the way Hannibal used to rest a hand on his shoulder or the nape of his neck and squeeze, soothing away the pain of his encephalitis, or the distress of the darkness in his mind.

Will remembered the way they’d clung to each other on the cliff edge, the press of Hannibal’s heaving chest against his cheek. The hand on his lower back had burned a hole through his blood soaked shirt to leave a phantom imprint he could still feel now.

“Why are you so hesitant to signal the ship?”

“You must have some idea.” Will muttered, a hint of resentment in his tone.

“I may have my suspicions, but I’d like you hear your reasoning in your own words, Will.”

Will sighed, eyes raking over Hannibal’s worn face, taking in the deep worn lines of wrinkles and bronze tan, and slight sunburn to the tip of his nose where he’d missed applying their sun protection, which came in the form of mucus from a coral—a trick Will was thankful he had seen on a survival TV show once.

“I don’t… want to go,” Will said at last. He hesitated for a moment before before a dam seemed to break inside him and the rest of his words came tumbling out in a hurry. He needed to get it out before he lost his nerve.

“I want to stay here. On this island. Just us. As soon as we get on that ship it’s the beginning of the end, Hannibal. Surely you know that?” Will could breathe at last, and now he felt as though the words were spilling from him in an unending river. Everything he’d wanted to say since they’d washed up here.

“Well get to the mainland, they’ll tear us apart and put us in separate cages, if they don’t shoot us like rabid dogs on sight. Here we’re safe. Right now they most likely think we’re dead. We’re safe here, Hannibal. Safer than we’d ever be if we somehow managed to reach the mainland without detection. Safer than we’d be if we spent the rest of our lives continent hopping.” Will said. His breathing was rapid with anxiety as he glanced out at the ship.

“Will, how long have you wanted to stay here?”

“Almost since we wrecked,” Will breathed as Hannibal stroked a thumb over Will’s salt-roughened beard.

“I know you’d be happier with your finery and hunting the rude. Proper medical help would do you a world of good but... Hannibal… we know we wouldn’t survive separation. I don’t want to risk it. I want to be selfish and make you stay. I don’t care if we only have a handful of years here compared to decades out there. I want to stay here with you. Only you.”

There was a long moment of silence as they each stared the other down; Will anxious, heart hammering in his chest as Hannibal watched him with a calculating gaze. Will saw something shift on Hannibal’s face, soften, a moment before the grip on his jaw tightened.

Hannibal drew Will into a kiss, more tender than he’d ever thought their first would be. Will was suddenly thankful for the fact that Hannibal had clued him in to the trick of brushing his teeth with charcoal. Sure it didn’t do anything for whiteness and tasted foul at the time, but their mouths were clean.

The tight knot of anxiety in his gut began to loosen as he was kissed, hands grasping at the worn but relatively clean fabric of Hannibal’s sweater. His fingers found the patch he’d sewn over the front bullet hole and he trailed his fingers over the seam before wrapping his arm around Hannibal’s waist.

Their lips were rough and chapped, but Will was sure he’d never had a better kiss in his life. Years of the push and pull of their mutual orbit finally resulting in the collision of worlds, of their bodies.

Hannibal began to tug Will back toward their home, trying not to break their kiss for more than a second at a time. They stumbled across the sand, and Will stopped them when Hannibal nearly tripped backward over a stone.

“Stop, stop. Let’s get back into the house first before we break our necks,” Will said with a soft huff of laughter against Hannibal’s lips. He could feel Hannibal’s mouth curl into a smile against his own before they parted.

Will grabbed Hannibal's hand and laced their fingers together, needing to stay connected somehow. That got him a firm squeeze in return and his heart felt like it may explode with affection at the motion. It was such a banal thing, holding hands; so commonplace and taken for granted, but to Will it was like fresh water in a desert.

As soon as they were inside, Will pushed Hannibal toward their makeshift bedroom. Inside there was a raised sleeping platform that they’d padded with mattresses from the yacht, side by side. Will was thankful they’d salvaged those, their backs thanked them daily.

Hannibal sat heavily on the edge of their bed, pulling Will close with hands on his hips and pressing his face to Will’s belly. Will watched him, resting a hand on Hannibal’s head and stroking his hair. The hands on his hips slid upward and took his top with it, exposing his skin to Hannibal’s lips and the scratch of his beard.

The muscles in Will’s abdomen twitched at the contact. It was strange to be touched even this intimately by someone other than himself, fuck knew how it would feel when Hannibal finally laid a hand on more sensitive areas.

It had been so long since Will had felt someone make any kind of intimate physical contact that wasn’t unintentional. His sex life with Molly had been virtually non-existent due to his prolonged pining for Hannibal, and pining is what it had been despite his self-denial. He’d shrugged off so many tender touched that It had been even longer for Hannibal.

Will wondered if Hannibal was as touch starved as himself.
Will was brought back to the moment by Hannibal pressing open-mouthed kisses to Will’s stomach. He stopped to suck and nip at the tan flesh every few kisses, leaving a trail of suck marks in his wake. Will couldn’t help the moan that tumbled past his lips, doubling over Hannibal’s head and pressing against the top to urge his attention downward.

“Please… Hannibal. We can take our time later,” Will said, and Hannibal glanced up at him, the corners of his eyes crinkling in a smile as he gave a last hard bite to Will’s belly. Will clenched his jaw at the sharp sensation, a breath punched out of him as he did. That felt far too good.

“I agree. We’ve all the time in the world to familiarize ourselves with the other’s body.”

“Ye-yeah? All the time in the world? We’re not… going anywhere?”

“Not unless you change your mind, dear Will.” Hannibal said, his hands making short work of removing Will’s shorts and freeing his cock. Will half expected Hannibal to take him in his

mouth right then. Instead, he watched as Hannibal removed his own clothes and lay back on the bed, holding out a hand for Will to join him.

Cloth dropped to the floor with a soft sound as Will veritably ripped his shirt off. He crawled over Hannibal and straddled his hips, stroking his cock against Hannibal's own. The pace was slow, hampered by friction and a lack of lubricant, but Will couldn't be happier, looking down at the way Hannibal's chest rose and fell rapidly.

Before long, their motions were eased with a little precum, though Will stopped for a moment and spat into his hand. He wrapped it around them and let out a harsh groan as the saliva slicked the tight tunnel of his palm. Hannibal's own hands were on Will's thighs, thumbs stroking firm circles on the soft inner skin as they rocked together.

Hannibal caught Will's gaze. Will still felt itchy under his skin at prolonged eye contact, but he held it and felt his face heat. There was something about the way Hannibal watched him that was both embarrassing and exhilarating. Hannibal knew his inner world intimately. Now he was becoming acquainted with the parts that had been kept hidden from him for so long.

Will released them both and lowered himself, pressing their bodies flush along the front and revelling in the contact. Now their lips met again, tasing and exploring—hungry for each other in a way that they'd denied and held back for so long.

Will was the first to lose himself; a sharp bite from Hannibal to the juncture of his shoulder made him spill between them with a tense grunt. His body trembled as he continued to thrust in rough, jerking movements.

Hannibal's hands gripped Will's rear with bruising force, pulling him down against him as the semen slicked the way where the saliva had dried. He whispered soft and lilting words that Will assumed were affectionate ramblings in Lithuanian. He could feel Hannibal's heart pounding against his ribs with his own. It seemed to reverberate through his chest cavity, meeting the answering drum of his own rapid pulse.

It was with a heavy exhale and an upward snap of hips that Hannibal came a moment later, his semen joining Will's on their heated skin. It was followed by a soft moan as Hannibal buried his face against Will's neck, trailing open mouthed kisses over the sweat-slicked skin.

"Mmm, you taste like the sea."

"I taste like sweat." Will chuckled, threading a hand through Hannibal's damp hair.

"It's all sodium." Hannibal said, and waved his hand lazily as if brushing off Will's comment. Will rolled off him with a groan and Hannibal wasted no time in tucking himself against Will's side.

"Speaking of the sea. We should prepare dinner before it expires." Will hummed, nuzzling against Hannibal's hair and inhaling the scent of sweat, sex, and sea that clung to him. He felt more content than he ever remembered being.

“I’m sure it will keep for a few minutes. Let me catch my breath. I’m not as young as I once was,” Hannibal said, stroking his hands over Will’s belly. Will huffed a soft laugh and pressed closer.

In the distance they heard the faint sound of the ship’s horn, and then nothing. Nothing but the sea and the rustling of leaves in a soft breeze and whatever insects felt the need to make themselves heard under the blazing sun.

End Notes

plz feed me ur comments and kudos, I am a very hungry boy. I require fuel.

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(I have no plans to be continue or expand on this fic, sorry! It's just a oneshot.)

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